

The Hong Kong Daily Press

No. 8590 號九百五十八號

日十二月五日一九零六年

HONGKONG, SATURDAY, JULY 4TH, 1885.

六月四日

四月七日

PRICE \$2.50 PER MONTH

INTIMATIONS.

TO LET

HOUSE No. 18, ELOIN STREET. Immediate Possession. Rent \$30 a month. Apply to A. F. ALVES, Hongkong, 4th July, 1885. [1233]

NOTICE

A N EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the VICTORIA RECREATION CLUB will be held on SATURDAY, the 11th instant, at 4.30 P.M. in the GYMNASIUM. The OBJECT of the MEETING is stated in the notice posted at the CLUB.

J. H. STEWART LOCKHART, General Secretary.

Hongkong, 4th July, 1885. [1234]

NOTICE TO CONSIGNEES.

FROM HAMBURG, PENANG, AND SINGAPORE.

THE Standard "FERONIA."

Capt. E. Paulsen, having arrived from the above Ports, Consignees of Cargo are hereby informed that their Goods, with the exception of Treasure, are being landed and stored at their risk into the Godowns of the Undersigned, whence and/or from the Wharves or Borte delivery may be obtained.

Optional cargo will be forwarded, unless notice to the contrary is given before Noon, TO-MORROW, the 29th instant.

Cargo remaining undelivered after the 5th instant will be subject to rent.

No Claims will be admitted after the Goods have left the Godowns.

No Fire Insurance has been effected.

Bills of Lading will be countersigned by

SIEMENS & CO., Agents.

Hongkong, 28th June, 1885. [1235]

FOR SHANGHAI

Taking Charge and Passages of through rates for CHENG-TUEN, TIENTHUNG, NINGHWANG, HANHOU and Ports on the YANGTZE.

THE Company's Steamship.

"FOOKSANG."

Captain Hogg, will be despatched as above.

TO-DAY, at 4.30 P.M. For Freight or Passage, apply to

JARDINE, MATTHEWS & CO., General Managers.

Hongkong, 3rd July, 1885. [1236]

DOUGLAS STEAMSHIP COMPANY, LIMITED.

FOR AMOY AND TAMSUL

THE Company's Steamship.

"FOKKIN."

Captain Westoby, will be despatched for the above Ports on TUESDAY, the 7th instant, at

4.30 P.M. For Freight or Passage, apply to

DOUGLAS LAPRAIK & CO., General Managers.

Hongkong, 3rd July, 1885. [1237]

DOUGLAS STEAMSHIP COMPANY, LIMITED.

FOR SWATOW, AMOY, AND TAIWANFOO.

THE Company's Steamship.

"THALES."

Captain Pocock, will be despatched for the above Ports on WEDNESDAY, the 8th inst., at

Noon. For Freight or Passage, apply to

DOUGLAS LAPRAIK & CO., General Managers.

Hongkong, 3rd July, 1885. [1238]

"CASTLE" LINE OF STEAMERS.

FOR LONDON, VIA SUEZ CANAL.

THE Steamship.

"GORDON CASTLE."

J. Rawell, Commander, will be despatched for the above Port, on or about the 1st instant.

For Freight or Passage, apply to

ADAMSON, BELL & CO., Agents.

Hongkong, 3rd July, 1885. [1239]

CHINA NAVIGATION COMPANY, LIMITED.

FOR NEW ZEALAND PORTS VIA FOOCHEW.

THE Steamship.

"WHAMPOA."

Captain Williams, will be despatched as above

on FRIDAY, the 24th inst., at 4.30 P.M.

This vessel has unusually good Cabin Accommodation, situated midship on the upper

deck.

For Freight or Passage, apply to

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE, Agents.

Hongkong, 3rd July, 1885. [1240]

KELLY AND WALSH, LIMITED.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED.

THE LATEST EDITION OF THE HOLY BIBLE in a Series of Six, Bindings and Prices.

Royal Academy Notes 1885. Illustrated.

Guineas' Paris Salons 1885. Illustrated.

Dumas' Paris Salons 1885. Illustrated.

Hutchison on Dog Breeding.

Scott's Art of Waltzing.

Anecdotes about General Gordon.

The Chinese painted by themselves.

Painter's Bits of Old China.

Customs and Marts—New issue.

Colloquies on China and the Burmans.

Gobineau's Sensational Novels—Cheap English Editions.

Stonehenge's British Rural Sports.

Zola's Novels in English—Illustrated.

Photographs of Actresses in the Mascotte Opera Company.

A large quantity of Fancy Stationery.

Great East. Mourning Stationery.

Macmillan's Books. Note Books and Chit Books in most variety.

Chap's Account Books ruled to any pattern.

A Fine Assortment of Meerschaum and American Cigar and Cigarette Holders.

Winton and New's Artists Goods—A New Stock. Colours, Brushes, Canvases, &c.

Cheek Moist Water Colours Boxes.

KELLY & WALSH, LIMITED.

Hongkong, 3rd July, 1885. [1241]

THE HONGKONG & MACAO GLASS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LIMITED.

CAPITAL \$200,000.

IN 4,000 SHARES OF \$50 EACH FULLY PAID UP.

CONSULTING COMMITTEE.

C. D. BOTTOMLEY, Esq. E. E. SASSON, Esq.

B. S. FERNANDES, Esq. W. H. FORBES, Esq.

APPLICACTIONS for a Limited number of

SHARES in the above Company will be

received at our Office, where the ARTICLES OF

ASSOCIATION may be inspected, up to Noon, on

SATURDAY, the 1st July.

RUSSELL & CO., General Managers.

Hongkong, 27th June, 1885. [1242]

THE HONGKONG HAIR DRESSING SALOON.

HONGKONG HOTEL BUILDINGS.

A LADIES' HAIR DRESSING SALOON is attached to this Establishment, and Ladies are respectfully invited to give it a trial. Every satisfaction is guaranteed.

Hongkong, 5th May, 1885. [1243]

CHINA SUGAR REFINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

DEBENTURE LOAN 1880.

COUPLONS for INTEREST falling due on

the 30th June, 1885, will be paid on pre-

sentation of the Office of the HONGKONG AND

SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION, Hongkong.

on and after that date.

KELLY & WALSH, LIMITED.

Hongkong, 1st July, 1885. [1244]

JARDINE, MATTHEWS & CO., General Agents.

Hongkong, 30th June, 1885. [1245]

THE RONZES.

CHOICE PORCELAIN WARE, DINNER AND DESSERT SERVICES.

HAND PAINTED TEA AND BREAKFAST SETS.

CUIMOS, FURNITURE, &c., &c.

CASSUMBOY, Opposite City Hall.

Hongkong, 19th June, 1885. [1246]

NOTICE.

M. B. JOHN DAVEY is authorized to

Sign the Name of our Firm per

procuration.

A. S. WATSON & CO., Agents.

Hongkong, 19th June, 1885. [1247]

NOTICE.

M. B. E. H. M. HUNTINGTON has been

admitted a PARTNER in our Firm in

Hongkong, China and elsewhere, from 1st

January, 1886.

RUSSELL & CO., Agents.

Hongkong, 1st July, 1885. [1248]

NOTICE.

P. R. T. LAND C. G. M. E. M. T. J. B. W. H. E. B. R. O. S.

SOLE AGENTS FOR CHINA.

HOLIDAY WISE & CO.

Hongkong, 11th April, 1885. [1249]

NOTICE.

P. R. T. LAND C. G. M. E. M. T. J. B. W. H. E. B. R. O. S.

SOLE AGENTS FOR CHINA.

HOLIDAY WISE & CO.

Hongkong, 11th April, 1885. [1250]

NOTICE.

P. R. T. LAND C. G. M. E. M. T. J. B. W. H. E. B. R. O. S.

SOLE AGENTS FOR CHINA.

HOLIDAY WISE & CO.

Hongkong, 11th April, 1885. [1251]

NOTICE.

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SOLE AGENTS FOR CHINA.

HOLIDAY WISE & CO.

Hongkong, 11th April, 1885. [1252]

NOTICE.

P. R. T. LAND C. G. M. E. M. T. J. B. W. H. E. B. R. O. S.

SOLE AGENTS FOR CHINA.

Polyphemus was not designed to have. That vessel was designed as tender to a battle ship. He also added that the experimental exposures connected with the *Polyphemus* would not appear in the next design of the torpedo, and that the present gunboat had been designed out.

At the conclusion of the trial the *Polyphemus* returned to harbour to be prepared to join the special service corps at Portland. She will accompany the squadron to Bantry Bay, where she will be put through experiments to test her soundness and torpedo equipment.—Times.

PENAL SERVITUDE.

A correspondent writes:—It is strange how very few people recognize the distinction between a sentence of penal servitude for life and that of "natural life." Yet there is almost as wide difference as between a sentence of imprisonment and one of penal servitude. The introduction of the word "natural" entirely alters the whole bearing and aim of the punishment, as penal servitude for life is merely equivalent to a sentence of twenty years, whereas the term "natural" entirely places the sentenced man beyond the pale or hope of a pardon. It is a well-known fact that the English-speaking peoples in liberty in the country now who have been sentenced in the less severe form, leaving out of the calculation one or two on whom the capital sentence has been pronounced. By many of the most daring criminals sentence of death is preferred to that of "natural life," as was evidenced in the case of the notorious armed burglar, Charles Peace, who, after being sentenced to penal servitude for life, at first of his own free will, offered to submit to the punishment of a murderer at Shaffield, for which he was subsequently tried and convicted, the capital sentence being carried out at Leeds.

The dynamiters convicted at the Old Bailey were sentenced to penal servitude for the term of their natural lives.

It is an odd fact that women do not really talk more than men; they are listened to more, that is all.

At a market town in England, the following placard is affixed to the shoulder of a watchmaker, who has descended, leaving his creditors minus: "Wound up, and the main-spring broke."

A barrister, in reply to his antagonist in court, said he had a keen rapier with which to pierce all fools and knaves, whereupon his opponent "moved the Court" that the rapier be taken from him, lest he should commit suicide.

Priest: "Tell Mr. Murphy, you can't make this up."—Wife: "I know it's true."—Murphy: "Well, I don't care, I won't say it again."—Mick O'Flaherty and myself had a little difference; but, sure, if you reverence any seen Mick's eye now, throu' that's what was done.

It is to say, stand near the hen.

Madame de Staél was a pitiful talker. Some gentlemen who wished to teach her a lesson induced her to let them bind her hands.

"God is so good," she said, "I've come to the end of my life, I'm bound to be held by her inspection suffer shipwreck at last. I am going a long journey, where I think I shall see a great many curiosities."

It was the ruling passion strong in death. How touching and touchingly touching it is to see this of the mortal comedy as a zoological garden a kind of glorified Noah's ark in which dwell "a great many curious animals" indeed.

According to the *Macmillans*, the only four-legged creatures in Paradise are the dog of the Seven Sleepers and the ass of Ezra. Abel's ram, which dwelt in Paradise for some centuries, was accidentally sent back to Earth to be eaten by a herd of Leviathan. Mademoiselle, however, in her long life, has been bound to be held by her inspection suffer shipwreck at last.

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EXTRACT.

VICTOR HUGO.
(Died 2nd May, 1885.)

The darkened curtain falls at last, and here—
The pride of France, the glory of the world.
To whom Life's banner is for ever furled
Has entered into immortality.

Oh, giant heart! oh, wielder of a pen!

That gave us wisdom, bitterness, and truth,

That soothed us vice and charmed the east of youth.

We shall now ride out the haunts of men.

The noble heart that laboured for the poor.

That fought against oppression and deceit.

That loved its country well, has ceased to beat;

And we shall never know its goodness more.

How low these head, these prostrate France, and more!

For one who was the best of all thy sons—

And that had given birth to noble ones.

But none so great and good since it was born.

For chid his fingers worked, and his brave heart

Strive for thy freedom in thy hour of strife;

For thee he lived, for thee laid down his life,

And played, when all was dark, the hero's part.

What has he suffered? Ah! no pen can tell.

How great the poet's pity, the poet's pain!

It was not always that joy gave his strains.

The glorious music that upon us fell.

The world will miss his voice, and infant feet.

That clambered on the knee will miss his face;

For they, though poor and little, held their place

In that great heart that never more shall beat.

Sleep, Prince of Song, and with the mother France!

We will touch hands, to share of her grief,

And weep for one whom nature hails this

In arts of Song, Humanity, Romance!

HERBERT H. ADAMS, in *Public Opinion*.

A SANDBSTORM IN NEW MEXICO.

We had scarcely finished our repast when Buckskin Joe, who had been off on a fruitless search for water, reappeared at the door with an anxious expression on his kind countenance. "I don't like to hurry you," he said; "but it looks like there are going to be a sandstorm, and I misdoubt the ladies won't like it. Perhaps we had better be getting back to Espanola." Hurrying out, we could see no reason for anxiety. The air was still as death, and there was not a puff of wind nor a rag of cloud in the whole horizon. I observed, however, that the sky had undergone a curious change. There was no diminution of the blazing sunlight, but the deep blue had been superseded by a strange white glare that was nearly blinding, and the heat had increased rather than diminished. We saddled hastily, and were soon threading our way through the broiling labyrinth of sandhills and out on to the broad mesa again. We had not gone more than a mile or two in the direction of Espanola when Joe, who had been glancing about in all directions, suddenly remarked, "There comes!" and jumping off his burro, commenced tying him up behind an adjacent heap of large boulders. We stared in the direction he pointed, but could discover nothing save the white sky, the hills, and the sandy plains. As we looked, however, we gradually became aware that far down the valley two or three of the hills had entirely disappeared, and, stranger still, that more of them were being eaten up under our very eyes! A little brownish-blush cloud, no bigger than one's hand, was the monster that was thus devouring the landscape. We hastily secured the animals in the shelter of the rocks, and came back to look. The cloud had already spread quite across the plain and valley, and was approaching with frightful rapidity. It was not more than five miles away. It swept along towards us, with constantly accelerating speed, a hallowing, portentous black wall of dust, that sent long waving fingers up to the zenith. Mile after mile of mesa, and hill, disappeared in its vast maw, until there was only one rise left. This was swallowed up, and then, almost before we could seek shelter, the storm was upon us with a shriek and a blast like the breath from a cannon. In an instant everything was obscured. I peered through my half-closed lids, and could not see a single bush which I had noticed the moment before only a few feet distant. The air was full of the dull roar of the battling winds. We could barely hear the sound of our voices when we shouted. Everything had been wiped away from the face of the earth, and a blur of grey dust was all that remained. I could barely distinguish those nearest me through this strange mist. The worst of it lasted for about half an hour. I should think, but the air was still full of dust when we arrived home about two hours later. Such is a New Mexican sandstorm. We found all our household goods covered with a mat of dust from an inch to an inch of an impalpable powder, which had sifted through every crevice and cranny. Nothing had escaped. Espanola was a wreck, salt a ruin, and bedding a sight to make one weep. Most of the men of Espanola spent the remainder of that day wandering about in the open air; whatever latent temper had existed in their good humours had been suddenly developed to its fullest extent. Late in the afternoon the weather cleared up entirely, and that evening there was a wonderful sunset. The western sky was a carmine of magnificence and impossible colour, and the east was filled with a rosy splendour, that did not die away from the snow-tipped summits of the range until long after the stars were out. "Espanola and its Environs," in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*.

THE DAFT.

Between the mouth of the Dart and the granite moorland whence the east Dart and west flow, the river passes through three well-marked phases. From its source to the neighbourhood of Glastonbury it glides or flows over granite boulders among the bare hills, or rears in deep wooded glades; below this point to Totnes Bridge it has a brief pastoral existence until it meets with tidal influences, when it contracts and expands between a continuous succession of high rounded hills till it reaches the sea. A little above Dartmouth on the hills eastward is Greenway, in a strict Devonian speech, Greenway, the birthplace of that high and daring spirit, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who, to his great charge and hazard, being but a younger brother, fitted out those expeditions to America that founded the Newfoundland fisheries. His third and most disastrous voyage was undertaken in 1583, under the auspices of the newly formed Muscovy Company, when, after having sailed up the St. Lawrence, he encountered a terrible storm, which left him with two vessels only, the *Golden Hind* of forty tons and the *Squirrel* of ten. In the smaller ship, a Prince saw in his "Worthies of Devon," "the general, notwithstanding many persuasions to the contrary, must needs go himself." Voyaging homeward both crews were dismayed by a dreadful apparition on the water, like roaring lion, whose appalling voice prophesied their fatal end. During the storm that ensued and finally engulfed them, their gallant commander encouraged his men with the memorable words, "We are so near to heaven here at sea as at land," until they perished. Above Glastonbury the right bank of the Dart continues to present more interest than the more cultivated left. A few yards beyond that haven is a very lonely and beautiful recess in the stream backed by a disused quarry, finely contorted and exceeding rich in colour and deep in tone, with some fir-crowned heights beyond—the whole quite lost to the river-worrier. Hence the stream skirts lofty wooded hills whose base is formed of rocks exquisitely fine, with ash and cal. of singular form rooted among

them. Opposite the thatched roofs and gray church towers of Dittisham the margin of the stream, though still wood, changes its character; occasional wilds are seen leading to deep green combes, pastoral scenes to the upper country. The rocks become more laminated, a rich plum-colour above, pale green below the water-line, and upon the oozy flats, if low water, gulls and herons are busy, or a solitary cormorant is fishing in mid-stream. The sinuous course of the stream, its ever-varying width and volume, the continuous succession of hills on both sides, give varied beauty and admirable effects of contrast as Totnes is neared. The woods of Sharpham, on the left bank, are familiar to every tourist in Devonshire. The great semi-circle of those wooded hills is remarkable for the dense sombre mass of foliage and the extreme regularity of its outline, which looks as if the gardener's shears, and not Nature, had clipped the lofty woods. From the hills a little above Sharpham the course of the river to Totnes, with a distant view of that town on the hillsides overlooking the stream, and the distant ridge of Dartmoor, form a rich and verdurous picture.

The first sight of Totnes is one of the most striking scenes on the river; at the end of a leafy vista the lofty tower of the church rises in the valley, backed by the blue distance of the moor. Nothing more is visible until the island below the bridge is reached. There is no scattered and dismal faubourg of modern villas, no invasion of the green hills and meadows that surround the town, which is soon all once or not at all. From the inland the river lapses along peacefully between the lofty hills, whose rich green is mirrored in its wavy depths; its tidal force is here well-jointed, and its character changes to a brief sluggish course among green pastures. Above a wide and rich valley the town of Totnes ascends the hill from the river side, the tower of the church dominating the quaint irregular lines of houses and the far course of the gloomy river. From the island, once beneath the river, but now a pleasant grove, the bridge is gained and the long street that leads up hill to the church and castle. Many fine specimens of Elizabethan architecture are still existing in Totnes, near the east gate and in Church Walk. The town of Totnes, as Sir W. Pole calls it in his "Description," is quite as ancient as Dartmouth, and it has the aspect and mournful charm of places once dignified by greatness now forlorn. Portions of the town are so touched with age, that full of a lumberous sense of antiquity, that no one need be surprised that it was once a Trojan colony. The Trojans and Phoenicians are a little in dispute just now as Damocenian colonists, but if they ever trafficked in tin so far afield, Totnes must have been a convenient emporium.—J. A. BRAKKE, in *Magazine of Art*.

SEA-WATER MADE FRESH.

AN INTERESTING SERIES OF EXPERIMENTS. In the London *Gazette* of January 28, 1884, appeared the following notice: "Yesterday His Majesty was pleased to send to the Lord Mayor, closed in a silver box, sealed with His Majesty's seal, the receipts of the several elements used by the patentees for making sea-water fresh, certified under the hand of the Hon. Robert Boyle, to keep so sealed up by the present and succeeding Lord Mayors lest a secret of great importance to the publick night come to be lost if lodged only in the knowledge of a few persons therein concerned."

That the subject-matter of this announcement was considered one of more than common moment is quite clear, the certificate of Mr. Boyle having been given on behalf of the Royal College of Physicians. The "cement" referred to were a part of a scheme for the better distilling of sea-water, for the better distilling of sea-water, which was then agitating many ingenious minds. The operation of making sea-water fresh by distillation was fully described by Zosimus, who flourished A.D. 400. Bacon also recorded the well-known fact that with a heat sufficient for distillation, salt will rise in vapour, and that salt water distilled is fresh. Nevertheless, for more than fourteen centuries the chemists of all civilized nations were utterly at fault in their efforts to make sea-water practically serviceable for drinking purposes. Their common mistake was simple enough, perhaps even natural, and a brief record of its history may just at this time be of interest. After this has been rubbed off, the surface is next covered with violet powder, and a process of "polishing" is then commenced, and the heat of the process is exceedingly slight as compared with the vicious practice of "enamelling" as hitherto understood. So long as fashion approves the weakness of forcing an appearance of beauty by artificial means it is hopeless to expect that the resources of charrasite will be neglected; but it is always a matter for congratulation when the methods adopted for "assisting" Nature are not in themselves destructive of health; and this last craze seems to be an improvement in this direction.—*Medical Press and Circular*.

A NOVEL FORM OF ENAMELLING. American ingenuity is said to have devised a method of enamelling the skins of fashionable women which suspicion asserts to have found favour with the daughters of Eve on this side of the ocean also. The process is widely different from that pursued by the followers of Madame Rachel in their efforts to confer eternal beauty on their patrons; and in some respects its advantages over that latter proceeding are considerable. It comprises three stages: in the first, the shoulders and arms and other parts to be beautified are well rubbed with rose-water, which is next wiped off, and the second application made with cold cream, a thick layer of this being allowed to remain on the skin for fifteen minutes. After this has been rubbed off, the surface is next covered with violet powder, and a process of "polishing" is then commenced, and the heat of the process is exceedingly slight as compared with the vicious practice of "enamelling" as hitherto understood. So long as fashion approves the weakness of forcing an appearance of beauty by artificial means it is hopeless to expect that the resources of charrasite will be neglected; but it is always a matter for congratulation when the methods adopted for "assisting" Nature are not in themselves destructive of health; and this last craze seems to be an improvement in this direction.—*Medical Press and Circular*.

THE BALLAD OF CHEVY CHACE. This ballad, the finest and most remarkable of all the old Breton ballads, has commanded all the admiration of the illiterate and the learned. As Bishop Percy observes, "Those genuine strokes of nature and artless passion which have endeared it to the most simple readers, have recommended it to the most refined; and it has equally been the amusement of our childhood and the favourite of our riper years." Ben Jonson envied its author, and Sir Philip Sidney confessed how his own soul was moved by its vigorous strains. The old manuscript of it bears the name of Richard Sheales as the author, but in all probability he was only the reciter of it—an assumption strengthened by the manifest inferiority of other work associated with his name when compared with this ballad. With regard to the incidents celebrated, Bishop Percy considers the poem may have been written to commemorate a defiant expedition of one of the lords of the Marches upon the domain of another. "It was one of the laws of the Marches, frequently renewed between the nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders without leave from the proprietors or their deputies." There had long been a rivalry between the two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which, heightened by the national quarrel, must have produced frequent challenges and struggles for superiority, petty invasions of their respective domains, and sharp contests for the point of honour, which would not always be recorded in history. Something of this kind, we may suppose, gave rise to the ancient ballad of "The Hunting of the Chevall." Percy, Earl of Northumberland, had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish Border without confessing to ask leave from Earl Douglas, who was either lord of the soil or Lord Warden of the Marches. Douglas would not fail to resent the insult, and endeavour to repel the intruders by force. This would naturally produce a sharp conflict between the two parties; something of which it is probable, did really happen, though not attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad, for these are evidently borrowed from the battle of Otterburn, a very different event, but which afterwards easily confound with it.—*Illustrated British Ballads*.

In the year 1792, however, a certain Dr. Lind managed, by some happy chance, to hit the right nail on the head. In the course of some experiments with various mixtures and filtering media, he happened to distill some rain and sea-water in different vessels without any mixture at all. To his astonishment the results were identical. He pursued his discovery, and found that a chemically pure drinking-water might not fail to resent the insult, and endeavour to repel the intruders by force. This would naturally produce a sharp conflict between the two parties; something of which it is probable, did really happen, though not attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad, for these are evidently borrowed from the battle of Otterburn, a very different event, but which afterwards easily confound with it.—*Illustrated British Ballads*.

tion; hence its extraordinary spilelessness and insipidity. Everybody knows how grateful and refreshing is a beverage that is noticeably "flat." Distilled water is flat, hence carried to the utmost. It is, in truth, dead water, and might be adjudged a fitting beverage for an army of ghosts. Ordinary sea water contains carbonic acid gas in excess. A distillate of sea-water has lost even its normal amount, in fact, all is vitalizing elements. It remained, then, to restore these; to allow the distillate, so to speak, to recuperate itself, as it were in some measure will, if exposed to a pure air. More artificial means, however, were found to be necessary; and these were first supplied in the form of filtration of the distillate through chemical re-agents. Additions of alum, chloride of lime, and various acids were also made to it, but with very great success. True, it would boil a pea tender" (formal), but that was not a sign of good water among seamen; but distilled water remained practically an impossible beverage until the time of machinery.

The first trial of this on any sufficient scale was made on her Majesty's ship *Splendid*, *Opal* and *Ernest*, at Portsmouth in 1859. The seating apparatus employed was the invention of Dr. Normanby, and it has been since widely applied both on ships and at marine stations. Filters are also used in combination, and the perfect success of the operation has now been long attested by results. The condensing ship at Shakin have all great boiler capacity, which is requisitioned for the supply of the steam upon which the condenser's act. The *Calderia* is fitted to deliver 100,000 gallons of distilled and aerated water per day, for the partial storage of which the *Camel* and the *Kangaroo* cargo-ships, have been chartered.—*St. James's Gazette*.

THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

What is our destiny to be? Whatever God wills. The only points clear as sunlight to us as a people, that Canada is free, and that we dare not break up the unity of the greatest Empire the world has ever known. Annexation has been advocated, but no one has proved that such a change would be, even commercially, to our advantage. We would get closer to it, and be removed further from two hundred millions. Politically, Canada would cease to exist. She would serve merely as a link to the Canadian or Democratic party. The French-Canadian element, so great a factor actually and potentially in our national life, would become a nullity. We would surrender all hopes of a distinctive future. Strangers would rule over us; for we are too weak to resist the alien forces, and too strong to be readily assimilated. Our neighbours are a great people. So are the French and the Germans. But Belgians does not pray to be absorbed into France, and Holland would not consent to be annexed to Germany. Looking at the question in the light of the past and with foresight of the future, and from the point of view of all the higher considerations that sway men, we say, in the emphatic language of Scripture, "It is a shame even to speak" of such a thing. We would repeat it only once, and that would be for ever. Their ways are not our ways; their thoughts, traditions, history. The occasional cry for independence is more honourable, but to break our national continuity in cold blood, cut ourselves loose from the capital and centre of our strength to gain what? A thousand possibilities of danger, and not an atom of added strength.—*Picture-quebec*.

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HONGKONG MARKETS.

AS REPORTED BY CHINESE ON THE 28TH JULY, 1885.

COTTON GOODS.

American Drills, 30s. per piece.

American Drills, 18s. per piece.

Cotton Yarn, No. 30 to 34, per piece.

Cotton Yarn, No. 32 to 36, per piece.

Cotton Yarn, Bombay.

Chintz, 70 to 75.

Dred Spotted Shirting, per piece.

Dred Brocaded Shirting, per piece.

English Drills, 30s. per piece.

English Drills, 18s. per piece.

Grey Shirtings, 8 lbs. per piece.

Grey Shirtings, 32 lbs. per piece.

Grey Shirtings, 10 lbs. per piece.

Grey Shirtings, 12 lbs. per piece.

Grey Shirtings, 14 lbs. per piece.

Grey Shirtings, 16 lbs. per piece.

Grey Shirtings, 18 lbs. per piece.